

PS635  
Z9W246

✓  
**IGALA.**

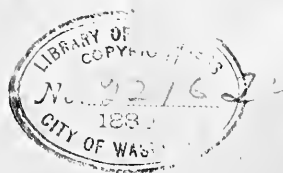
34  
AN EXTRAVAGANZA,  
IN TWO ACTS.



# IGALA.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA,  
IN TWO ACTS.

*cop. by Wm. Waller of N.Y. for*



*N.Y.*

*1880*

PS 635  
.29 W246

OLENGAYOMBI (*King of the Pon Pon Puanahs*).

ADMIRAL OGUIZI.

COMMINGAGOUNBA (*Prime-Minister*).

GENERAL MAGUINEUS.

AKOUDOGO (*Corporal of the King's body-guard*).

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

MESSENGER.

SIR ARTICHOKE (*the Executioner*).

IGALA (*Comminagoumba's daughter*).

NYAMBIZA (*Comminagoumba's better-half*).

QUENGUESA (*Queen of the Tom Tom Tinas*).

## ACT. I.

(*Exterior of Palace. Ak. and Cho.*)

*Opening Chorus :*

*Opening Chorus :*

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Sish ! Boom ! Ah !

We cheer for his majesty, our gracious King,

Olengayombi is his name.

Whether good luck or bad luck fortune may bring,

His highness is ever the same.

Then sing loud the praises of Pom Pom Puanah,

For its King give one more cheer ;

His hat is silk, and his kerchief bandanna,

His beverage lager beer.

(*Enter Mag. from palace.*)

*Mag.* Phwhat's all this nise about ?

Say phwhat's the matther ?

Why do ye make noight hidjeous wid such clat-  
ther ?

Kape shtill !

*Ak.* Great general, we do but serenade the King.

*Mag.* The King ! Phwhy, don't yez know the  
King is not at home ?

*Ch.* Not at home ! Where is he, then ?

*Mag.* Gone to roam —

*Ch.* To Rome ! what for ? to see the Pope ?

*Mag.* Kape shtill ! Phwhere are yer manners ?  
Tain't perlite to interrupt.

He's gone to roam through his dominions wide,

And should return this noight—

Unless old Commi loied.

*Ak.* Then our serenade has been for nought.

*Ch.* Oh, what a pity !

*Mag.* Kape shtill! To ricompinse ye for yer disappointment, Oi'll sing a ditty.

Song:

I am the great ginerall Maguineus.

*Ch.* Maguineus.

At home I was called MacGinnis

*Ch.* MacGinnis.

And there the pertaties I used for to hoe

But here I'm the King's generalissimo

*Ch.* Maguineus.

The King for advoisers has whoite men three

*Ch.* White men three.

Comminagoumba and Oguizi.

*Ch.* Oguizi.

While Oi 'm the ginerall hale and hearty

And chafe agitator of the labor party

*Ch.* Maguineus.

Oi make bould spaches most anti-royal

*Ch.* Anti-royal.

But when the court's 'round I'm excadingly loyal.

*Ch.* Exceedingly loyal.

I'm a strong advocate for not paying rints

And granebacks and dollars worth 85 cints.

*Ch.* Maguineus.

*Mag.* Kape shtill! And since yer serenade's no  
go

Lave me alone here wid frind Akondogo.

*(Exeunt Chorus, R. and R. U.)*

Akondogo!

*Ak.* I'm here, oh, worthy thane!

*Mag.* Thane! What kind of a fish do you think I am? Macbeth?

*Ak.* No. Hamlet.

*Mag.* O! a sar-Dane!

Hould me, Oi faint! Oi am afraid

That, hearing this, a wake-fish I've been made.

But now to business.

*Ak.* I am all attention.

*Mag.* Thin, phwhat I am about to say Oi hope you'll niver mintion.

*Ak.* Trust me for it I ne'er will.

*Mag.* Don't spake so loud, ye will be overheard. Kape shtill!

Whisper! Ye have the sand lots all engaged for me  
nixt spach!

*Ak.* I have.

*Mag.* And ye'll have a big hat handy within reach  
To pass around among the natives?

*Ak.* I will.

*Mag.* Thin all's in readiness, Och!  
Hurroo! (*recollecting himself*) Whist!  
Kape shtill!

I will a *plot* unfold, which, av found out,  
Will give us both a *plot* of ground out  
In the rhubarbs of the city.

*Ak.* Your honor means suburbs.

*Mag.* Do I? Phwhell, thin, more's the pity.  
Whisper again! The King will soon return.  
A *train* Oi've laid communicating with a mine  
'Twill blow his *train* sky high—

*Ak.* (*interrupting*) What, kill the King!  
I'll none of it!

*Mag.* Kape shtill! Don't spake until ye've sane  
the fun av it.

The mine is set expressly for the baggage train.  
The King's train follows later. Is that through  
yer pate?

*Ak.* (*nods.*) It is.

*Mag.* Boom! He's scared—no one's hurt—he'll ab-  
dicate.

*Ak.* What then?

*Mag.* Phwhat thin! Oh thin—well, there's plinty  
of time to think of that.

But whist here comes the train.

We must not be found here, that's flat.

Must I bid twice? hence! light weight, fly!

(*Blows Ak. out R. L. E.*)

Lave McGinnis here alone to die.

(*Exit Mag., R. E.*)

(*Train is heard approaching. Explosion.*)

(*Enter Mag. R. E., Ak., R. L. E., Chorus, R. U.,  
E., and Com. palace.*)

*Com.* Is anybody hurt? What is the row?  
My wife has sent me out to learn the how, and why,  
and wherefore.

*Mag.* Begorra! 'Tis the train that's busted.  
The train on which his majesty has trusted  
His precious life. But, as I look again,  
His majesty is safe. It is the baggage train.

*Com.* O! (*gasps for breath.*)

*Mag.* Phwhy, phwhat's the matther now, old  
pard?

*Com.* Matter ! Matter enough !  
 Ever since the attempt upon the Russian Czar  
 His majesty has traveled in the baggage car.

*Mag.* Oh, McGinnis. (*Falls against Com.*)

(*Enter Ol., R. E., supported by two natives.*)

Song : *Ol.*

I'm all broke up,  
 Oh, Fortune, thou art fickle ;  
 And, though my life has been preserved,  
 I'm in a precious pickle.  
 My clothes are disarranged,  
 The nap is off my hat,  
 And I am nigh torn limb from limb,  
 I'm glad I was spared that.

*Chorus :*

He's safe ! he's safe ! he's safe !  
 Our gracious King is safe.  
 Then, thanks to Fortune give, that he,  
 Our monarch, dear, is safe.

(*All dance, Ol. grows weak, and Com. gives him some  
 rye and rock.*)

*Chorus :*

I'm feeling better, now,  
 Though by no means elated ;  
 I traveled up so high, me thought  
 The road was elevated.  
 But now I'm safe once more,  
 Though suffering from the shock ;  
 I'll bring a suit against the road—  
 But first unload my stock.

*Com.* I trust you are not hurt, sire.

*Mag.* Sire, I hope I see you well.

*Ol.* I'm shaken up considerably, I thank you,  
 and completely mystified.

How could th' explosion have occurred, and for  
 what purpose ?

To learn the cause I'd give a hundred dollars—

*Mag.* Your majesty, I would suggest 'twas caused  
 by your new collars.

*Ol.* My collars ! Then all future accidents we will  
 avoid.

Comminagoumba !

*Com.* Yes, sire.

*Ol.* See that a duty's put at once on celluloid.

*Mag.* (*aside.*) A protective tariff.



*Ol.* My collars, forsooth! a bright idea, my morning-glory!

*Mag.* Thanks, sire. Me parents was strawberry-blondes, so me broightness is red-hid-a-tory.

*Ol.* I'll go within, to rest. Though no bones are broken, I've had a shake—

And, by the bye, 'tis strange that an accident upon the cars should be without a brake.

*(Exeunt Ol. and Mag. palace. Ak., R. U. E., and Chorus, R. U. E. and R. E.)*

*(Enter Ny., L. U. E.)*

*Ny.* Well, Commi, what was all the noise about? Why did you stay so long?

*Com.* The King was blown up, and, though unharmed,

It was my duty to stay here and feign to be alarmed.

*Ny.* Alarmed, indeed! And don't you think I wished to know about the row—

*Com.* *(interrupting).* My life—

*Ny.* Don't life me! The idea, to place your duty to your King before that to your wife.

*Com.* Now, Mary Ann—

*Ny.* O-o-o-o-o! I shall faint!

*Com.* Pardon, my dear, I meán Nyambiza.

I know it ain't

The correct Ki-bosh to be so awfully forgetful;

But consider the circumstances, love; pray, don't be fretful.

*Ny.* Fretful! Oh, you brute! Was ever any one so tried!

But tell me, has the King consented to take for his bride

Our daughter, Igala!

*Com.* My dear, I've not had time yet to brooch the subject—

*Ny.* Brooch the subject! Your the slowest coach I've ever seen!

Next thing he will have wedding-ringed the queen

Of the Tom Tom Tinas—if you don't look out,

And then our carefully concocted plans will be up spout.

*Com.* Up spout! Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle! The very thought makes me feel weak.

*(Places air cushion on ground, sits on it, and drinks rye and rock).*

*Ny.* Though you're not funny, there's too much of the smile about you.

Now, then, brace up and have some style about you.

*Com. (rises.)* The King is all unnerved and shaking in his shoes.

*Ny.* Now is the time, then. He will not dare refuse.

*Com.* My love, you're right. I'll go at once. Farewell!

[*Exit Palace.*]

*Ny. (calling after him).* You'd better mind what you're about! I hope he will fare well.

To have my daughter wedded to the King—the thought is too entrancing!

I'll have an entrance into every court abroad; it makes me feel like dancing.

*Song:*

Oh, what could be so charming!  
I could not wish for more.  
What posish could be better than  
That of a mother-in-law?  
And then, 'twould be so distingué,  
In fact, no common thing,  
For I would be the mother-in-law  
Of a real, true, live king.

I'd order out the army  
When I my visits paid,  
To escort me to the houses  
Where my calls were to be made.  
And when I gave a kettle-drum,  
Or some such social bore,  
The royal band would play for me—  
The king's own mother-in-law.

I'd boss the old prime minister—  
I guess I do that now—  
I'd send that Admiral Oguizi  
A-cruizing in his scow.  
I'd open the king's letters;  
He could not any more  
Have a latch-key, or stay out at night,  
Were I his mother-in-law.

What keeps the man so long? Why does he tarry?

[*Enter Com., palace.*]

Well, what does he say?  
Will he marry  
Igala?

*Com.* My dear, he will, his word's pledged to it ;  
And what the King has pledged himself to do he's  
always sure to do it.

*Ny.* How did you ever make him come to time ?  
My eye ! it's awfully jolly ! just too prime  
For anything !

*Com.* Prime ! Well, I should snicker ! Why, my  
dear, now it has been done  
It is the best day's work I ever did ;  
In fact, it yanks the bun.

*Ny.* But see ! the day is breaking.  
We'll have no rest at all if we don't get it soon.

*Com.* No fear of that. The King will not get up  
till noon.

*Ny.* Don't contradict me, sir ! Come along.

[*Exeunt palace.*]

(*Chorus outside*):

The morn in the East the night-clouds are breaking,  
Our gallant ship its way is making  
Towards our dear fatherland.  
To fortune, then, our thanks be given ;  
Our journey's o'er, homeward we're driven,  
A joyful sailor band.

[*Enter Og. and sailors in ship R. U. E.*]

*Og.* (*sings*):

Once more returned in safety,  
I seek Igala's side,  
Never again to leave it,  
Whatever may betide.  
Igala, art thou dreaming ?  
Your lover true is here.  
May beings fair in visions bright  
Tell you Oguizi's near.

*Ch.* Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la. Tell you  
Oguizi's near. (*Repeat.*)

Once more returned in safety,  
From sailing on the sea,  
I make it my first duty  
To hasten, love, to thee.  
I'm longing for the time, dear,  
When, with you by my side,  
No power on earth shall ever part  
Oguizi and his bride.

*Ch.* Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la, Oguizi and  
his bride. (*Repeat.*)

[*Exeunt Chorus, R. and R. U. E.*]

[*Enter Igala palace.*]

*Ig.* I thought I heard Oguizi's voice. Oh, there he is!

Compared with that odious King, how wonderfully fair he is!

*Og.* Igala! or do my eyes deceive me!

If it is a vision, may it never leave me.

It is too good to believe. But why so pensive, love?

*Ig.* Oh! Oguizi! our plans have all miscarried;  
My father's just informed me that I'm to be married  
To the King.

*Og.* O, ye gods! Can this be true?

Can he be so cruel as to make a social sacrifice of you?  
I bet he cannot, if he's half a man.

*Ig.* My dear Oguizi, you had better believe he can.  
Half a man! I hope that is not chaff.  
He's governed in this, as in all things, by his better  
half.

*Og.* Say, rather, by his worser dear.

*Ig.* I wish I might;

But he has been so often worsted by her that 'twould  
not be right.

'Tis better as it is, so let it rest;

One takes a melancholy comfort in the thought that  
one's oppressed.

*Og.* That's pretty cold comfort—like lemonade  
and ice water at an evening party.

Meanwhile we'll try to think of some good scheme,  
so don't be blue—cheer up, my hearty.

[*Enter Com. from palace, and comes between them.*]

*Ig.* (*screams.*) Oh! my father!

*Com.* Well, yes, I rather

Guess it is. Come, now, let's have no more of this.  
You leave this spot, sir—and you get in the house,  
Miss.

*Ig.* Oh, father, mercy!

*Og.* Hear me plead my cause.

*Ig.* And my cause, too.

*Com.* Be quiet! you'll set one wild, goodness  
knows;

With all your *causes* you're worse than a flock of  
crows.

Stop croaking.

You had better run now, here comes your mother.

[*Excunt Og. R., Ig. L. to house. Enter Ny. L.*]

My dear, a frightful calamity did I just discover.

*Ny.* I did not come to hear of griefs anew ;  
A fig for your clamity, I care more for an oyster  
stew.

Just at present I've no breakfast had.

*Com.* I'd like to have some *oysters, too* ; they'd  
really not go bad.

*Ny.* Well, what's the row now ; what's gone  
wrong ?

*Com.* Igala loves Oguizi.

*Ny.* What's that I hear ?

*Com.* It is not all, he loves her.

*Ny.* (*Falls back into his arms.*) Let me down easy.  
(*Starting up.*) If I had him here I'd tear his  
eyes out !

*Com.* My dear, you'd not assail him, would you ?

*Ny.* Wouldn't I—just. Ugh ! the shark, how I'd  
like to whale him

*Com.* My love, I think t'would be more staid,  
And much more prudent if he were by some one  
else way-laid.

*Ny.* But tell me, Commi, why did they have ever  
put afloat

Such an admiral as that, such a floater.

Why, I have heard it said in town

He's such a light weight that to keep him down,

He puts sand in his shoes.

*Com.* You can believe that if you choose.

He is the only man within this realm

Who can tell the capstan from the helm,

The mainmast from the hold,

At least, so I've been told.

Besides, he is the only one who knows how

To sail a boat. And when sailing in his scow,

He is no *scoward*.

*Ny.* But then to be a sailor-lover, why the man  
must be insane,

For, don't you see it degrades him from an admiral  
to a *boatswain* ?

*Com.* But what's to be done now ? that is the  
thing.

*Ny.* Done ! why, tell it to the king,

Don't be such a goose ;

Here he comes now with Magineus.

(*Enter Ol. et omnes.*)

*Com.* Good morning, sire. I trust your nap has  
quite refreshed you.

*Mag.* Kape shtill. Refrished, indade !

Young man, yez are too new.

*Ol.* Silence in the court—I mean before it.  
I'm pretty well, considering, thank you ;  
And though my body's sore, it feels much better  
than it did last night.

*Ny.* Your majesty, I never did have such a fright,  
I should think you would be *sore*, having *soared* so  
high ;

I never *saw* such an accident.

*Mag.* (*aside.*) Be me *sword*, that last *saw* was a  
*see-saw* in me eye.

*Ol.* But where's my darling Igala ?

*Ig.* Here, sire.

*Ol.* O, Igala, the bright oasis in this desert of  
darkness,

Embrace me on the spot.

(*Goes to embrace Ig., who repulses him.*)

*Ig.* No, sire, I'd rather not.

*Ny.* Igala, what do you mean—

*Ol.* (*interrupting.*) Old woman, hold your jaw.

*Ny.* (*aside.*) Oh ! just you wait until I am your  
mother-in-law.

*Com.* (*aside.*) The old gal's bluffed,  
Well, I should snicker !

*Ol.* Did I hear anybody mention liquor ? Did  
anybody murmur beer ?

*Com.* Nary a gurgle— (*During conversation Ig.  
and Od. get together in the background, and  
are talking lovingly. Ol. turns and discovers  
them.*)

*Ol.* I say, what have we here ?

*Ny.* Your majesty, the foolish girl's in love with  
that sailor nautical.

*Ol.* In love with Admiral Oguizi ?

Oh, oh, you naughty gal.

*Ig.* O, sire, have pity on us both, I pray.

Please, leave me free to marry him ;

Your majesty, hear what I have to say.

*Ol.* I'll not.

*Og.* You must.

*Ol.* Straightway unto the lockup carry him (*guards  
seize Og.*)

Maguineus, you'll enter the charge upon the blotter.

As-er-as-er—let me see-er.

*Com.* Burglary, with intent to steal.

*Ol.* That'll do nicely.

*Mag.* That's phwat's the matther,  
Give us the stylus, or rather the stylographic pen.

(*Ak. bringing book and pen.*) They're all the style now.

(*Mag. makes entry.*) Don't say that again.

*Ol.* Must, must I?

*Ig.* Yes! You must-y old mustang. I just guess you'll have to listen to us whether you will or no.

*Ny. and Com.* Oh, sire, forgive her. Grief has made her so.

*Ol.* No back talk, miss. I'll not take any sass from you.

*Ig.* Ugh! how I hate you! I'd like most awfully to a-sass-inatè you.

*Ol.* What do yer soie? Here is another plotter. Magineus, you'll enter this case on the blotter.  
As-er—

*Com.* She did not mean it, sire—'twas an accident,

*Mag.* Explosion in a gas factory. No one injured.

(*Ak. brings book and Mag. throws it away.*)

Don't put that pen behind your ear, do you 'ear me?

*Com. and Ny.* Remember, sire, she is our child.

*Ol.* Well, then, I'll have to draw it mild.

Seeing, my friends, she is your daughter,  
Lock her in her room and diet her with brandy and water.

*All.* Oh!—

*Ol.* I mean bread. Of course that's what I meant; just give her that instead of the brandy.

*Og.* (*breaking from guards and throwing himself on one knee before the King.*) Oh, sire, spare her.

Avenge all insults on me if you will.

Do anything—decapitate me.

*Mag.* (*knocking off his hat.*) 'Tis done. Kape shtill!

*All.* (*Sing song, "Be merciful, great King."*)

Be merciful, great King,  
Unto this youthful pair;  
He is a sailor true  
And she a maiden fair.

Take pity on them both;  
'Tis surely some defense  
That they've been always loyal,  
This is their first offense.

Then spare them, spare them,  
Spare them, gracious King ;  
Think of all the happiness  
That sparing them will bring.  
(Repeat.)

*Curtain.*

[END OF ACT I.]

## ACT II.

(*Interior of Palace. Mag. and Ak.*)

*Ak.* You seem restless. Something *preys* upon your mind. *Pray* tell me what it is, and I'll not peach.

*Mag.* I'm trying to recomember me nixt spache.

*Ak.* Why don't you rehearse it now; the King will not be here for half an hour yet?

*Mag.* Well thought of, Akondogo.

You're my *right* bower yet ;

Be very careful.

*Ak.* Oh, I'm never *left*.

*Mag.* Well, now, to begin. Prompt me when you find I'm stuck ;

Prompt promptly, worthy prompter.

*Ak.* I'll buckle to it, my buck.

*Mag.* All right, here is the spache (*hands it to Ak., who unrolls it.*) Just give me plenty of rope.

*Ak.* Clear the way for the "billingsgate champion of the Pacific slope." (*Mag. stands on throne.*)

*Mag.* Fellow-citizens, the Chinese must go, and I am here to tell you and all-comers,

That you are governed by a crowd of "bald-headed, hot-pated, honorable bilks and bummers."

"Plundering-pirates," "water-sharks," "gas-thieves," "railroad highwaymen," and "flunkies ;"

"Brainless snobs," "lop-eared lunch fiends," "bond-holding monkeys ;"

Vampires stretching their fangs and "sapping the life's blood of the very people."

And then to be bossed by that wretched thing,

That has the cheek to call himself a king.

(If anybody on this subject can speak well, I can.)

To be bossed, I say, by that "lean, lantern-jawed, lop-sided pelican."

*Ak.* Why dont you call him an ostrich while you're about it ?



*Mag.* O, stretch yourself. I can do without it.  
Let me see—where was I?

Why don't you prompt me? It isn't kind.  
To keep me in suspense.

*Ak.* You'll be in suspense if you speak your mind  
About the King in that manner.

*Mag.* Where was I, is phwhat  
I want to know, and that's  
What's the matter with Hannah.

*Ak.* Lop-sided pelican.

*Mag.* Oh yes! "The shark-snorted cormorant."

*Ak.* O! More rant.

*Mag.* Kape shtill.

*Ak.* I cant.

*Mag.* It's in the name of charity I call. (*Makes a misstep and falls from the throne.*) Ow! murther!

*Ak.* (*laughing*) Ha! ha! that last howl was a charity bawl.

But look out, here comes the king!

(*Enter Ol., Com., Ig., Ny. and Chorus, R. E.*)

*Mag.* (*aside*) I'd jst got to the most interesting part, phware they pass around the hat.

*Ol.* Methought I heard a noise like the dropping of a pin.

Or the falling of a house, or some such quiet din.  
(*Goes to sit on the throne.*) Why, here are foot-prints on my throne! Magineus, who did that?

*Mag.* (*singing*) Your Majesty—

(*Whistles "It was the cat."*)

(*Chorus.* (*Whistles "It was the cat."*))

*Ol.* (*Whistles "They're right, it was the cat."*)  
(*Dominee.*)

*Ol.* (*sits on throne*) Are all my loyal subjects here!

*All.* We are, my liege.

*Ol.* Then bring on the beer. (*Beer is brought in.*)

Song: *Ol.* I drink to you my Pom Pom Puan-ians.

*All.* And we, sire, drink to you.

*Ol.* I always find you excellent companions.

*All.* We're glad, sire, that you do.

*Chorus.* Then drink, drink, drink,

Drink of the amber beer,

Drink, drink, drink,

Drink of it early and late,

Drink, drink, drink:

rink for there's nothing to fear.

Beer only warms the heart,

It does not intoxicate.

*Ol.* Here's health and wealth to every one of you.

*All.* May they contentment bring.

*Ol.* May wisdom come to every mother's son of you.

*All.* The same to you, good king.

*Chorus :* (Exeunt *Ch. R. and L.*)

*Ol.* Igala !

*Ig.* Your highness !

*Ol.* Don't be cast down, my pet.

*Ig. (aside)* I'd like to be cast down from the parapet

Of the palace. (*Aloud.*) Sire, how can I help feeling blue !

Oguizi's in jail, and then I have to marry you.

*Ny.* You'd better mind what you're about, Miss !  
Comminagoumba, why don't you teach your daughter better manners ?

*Com.* Oh, get out !

*Ny.* Don't talk to me in that light way, you lightweight !

*Ol.* Say, old gal, you're got too much to say, so say it

When you get him alone ;

We don't want to hear it any more ;

These little love scenes always are a bore

To those who are not concerned in them.

They say that music has charms to soothe the savage beast

Lets have some (*to Igala*). It may do you good.

*Ig.* Well, you are complimentary, to say the least.

*Ol.* Well, now, who'll volunteer ?

*Mag.* I will.

*Ol.* I guess you've had too much beer.

Who ever heard of a reg'lar being a volunteer ?

*Mag.* Well, if I've had too much, beer with me ?

*All.* With pleasure.

*Mag.* Kape shtill ! We will defer the agony until I have more leisure.

(*Takes a harmonicum out of his pocket.*)

Phwell, phwat do ye want ? Phwat shall the chune be ?

*All.* Anything you please that is real lively.

(*Mag. prepares to play.*)

Hold on ! It's not the music of the future, is it ?

*Mag.* Oh, no ; it's the music of the prisint. Santa Claus put it in me stocking at his last visit.

*Ak.* What, that little thing ? How did you ever find it ?

*Mag.* Would ye look at that, now! Don't ye think ye shmart?

*Ig.* How I should like to learn to play upon that little tooter!

*Mag.* I'll larn ye any time ye loike. I'd be most plazed to be yer tutor.

*Ig.* You're very kind.

*All.* Come! less chin-music and more of the other, old strike-a-light.

*Mag.* To hear is to obey.

*All.* Play something lively.

*Mag.* Kape shtill; Oi'll play something loight (*Plays "Home, Sweet Home," and they all go to sleep*). Phwhat! Do me eyes decave me ear-sight? Oh, golly!

This soight is indade too melancholly.

To think! the taste for music is so degraded,

Among the best society, too! Surely, some reformation is naded.

Who does the fault lie wid? That's phwhat I want to find.

I have it! It lies with Thayodore Thomas and Arthur Sullivan—in me mind. (*All wake up.*)

*Ol.* Quick! I'm getting blue as indigo.

To cheer up on such a tune as that's no go.

Call in the gang (*to Com.*), you old Brazilian poodle; Call in the gang, and let's have Yankee Doodle.

(*Enter Chorus, R. and L., and all sing Yankee Doodle, slow time.*)

*Ol.* Oh, what a cheerful way to cheer up a fellar.

(*Chases Chorus out R. and L., to Ak.*)

Bring me my sceptre—I mean my umbrella. (*Ak. brings it.*)

Now then, to business. Is there anything to do?

*Com.* Sire, a messenger is in waiting.

*Ol.* Let him wait, then. What does he mean by not stating

From what State he comes?

*Com.* He comes from the lovely Queen Quengueza.

*Ol.* Let him in; we'll see what we can do to please her. (*Enter Mess., L.*)

*Ak.* Well, what do you want, you gonoph! Speak out!

*Mess.* Queen Quengueza presents her compliments to King Olengayombi, and hopes he's safe and sound.

She wishes me to accost him —

*Ak.* To accost the King will cost you fifty cents all round. P. P. C.

*Mag.* *Pour prendre congey.* (*Runs Ak. L.*)

*Mess.* She wishes me to speak to him in private.

*Ol.* Clear out of here, all of you!

*Ny.* Your highness, allow me to suggest, before it is too late,

To let us all remain—not that I wish to pry into affairs of state.

It might be an attack upon your life.

(*Aside to Com.*) Depend upon it, that horrid woman wants to be his wife.

So speak up quick, don't be a goose.

If you don't hurry up 'twill be no use.

You'd better mind what you're about.

*Com.* Sire!

*Ol.* Well, what's gone wrong with you?

*Com.* I think that what my wife has said is very true.

*Mag.* Your majesty, this man may belong to the Communistic, Socialistic, Nihilistic Labor Party.

(*Aside.*) I thought so many sticks would stick me, and I'd not git through it;

And now it's done and over, I hope I did not over do it.

*Ol.* I'm not afraid. Now, then, fire away.

*Mess.* Since I cannot see your majesty alone, I'll tell you what I have to say by telephone.

*Ol.* Tell away. (*Mess. and Ol. converse through telephone.*)

*Com.* (*aside.*) Euchred! He's going it alone.

*Ny.* There, stupid, see what you have done! Why couldn't you let her talk to the King?

*Com.* Why, you asked me to do the talking.

*Ny.* I did no such thing!

*Com.* You did!

*Ny.* I didn't!

*Com.* Did!

*Ny.* Didn't!

*Com.* Did!

*Ny.* Didn't!

*Com.* Did!

*Ny.* Didn't!

*Mag.* (*separates them.*) Kape shtill! Ye're loike a pair of Katy-dids, the pair of ye. (*Exit Mess. L. excitedly.*)

*Ol.* Let silence in this court be courted! This noise must be stopped,

Or else in the court yard you will all be dropped.

*Ak.* Silence! It is our master's royal will.

Silence! I say! which means——

*Mag.* Kape shtill!

*Ol.* The Queen Quengueza wishes me to marry her, or

Else, she says, we'll have to go to war.

My word being pledged to Miss Igala,

War's been declared. Now, *wars* that sailor?

Just bring him in. (*Guards bring in Og., R.*)

*Ig.* } Let me embrace { him.  
*Og.* } her.

*Ny.* } Hold on to them.  
*Com.* }

*Ol.* Cease this din.

One would think the dinner bell was about to ring.

Release them both. (*They are released, and embrace.*)

Here, stop that sort of thing!

Ognizi, war has been declared

Between the Tom Tom Tinas and the Pom Pom Pu-  
anahs.

Is the navy all prepared?

*Og.* Sire, we need some bannannas,

Paté-de-foie-gras, pea-nuts, chocolate éclairs, and a  
few other necessaries in the eating line.

Besides stout, bottled beer, champagne and sherry  
wine;

And rum.

*Ol.* What kind do you desire to use?

*Og.* Well, as we're cruizing we'd best have Santa  
Cruz.

*Ol.* Ognizi, from this hour you are set free. Again  
you're trusted.

You shall have all that you desire;

Also, port that's crusted—

So sheer off to the starbord, and don't get crusty.

I hope your trusty sword has not grown rusty  
From disuse.

*Og.* No, sire.

*Ol.* And you'll fight for all you're worth.

*Og.* I will. (*aside.*) For life I've no desire,

Now that I'm separated from Igala.

*Ol.* Then make haste and go immediately on  
board,

And be most careful that your boat's not sawed.

*Og.* Well, that's a game at which two can play.

(*To Com.*) What's sauce for the goose is sauce for  
the gander, so they say.

Hey, old horse! (*Pokes Com. in ribs.*)

*Com.* Old horse, indeed!

*Mag.* Yis, don't ye see, old saw-horse! (*While Mag. is speaking, Og. and Ig. get together, back.*)

But I'm to be counted in, sire. Your memory must be somewhat hazy.

Be me troth that sounds well, me sword has been too lazy of late.

*Ol.* Ha! Maguineus, my worthy Generalissimo, Is the army in good condition, I want to know?

That you're to be depended on,

I know. O, rock of steadiness,

Pray tell me, my ruddy-nosed bloomer, are you in readiness?

*Mag.* I am.

*Ol.* How about the Parrot guns?

*Mag.* They're in good talking order.

*Ol.* The Winchester?

*Mag.* Wint yisterday across the border. I'll have 'em back in a jiffy.

*Ak.* And, sire, I am ready, too,

My spear, it spears to me, has had too few Spirited encounters to win us glory.

*Mag.* O, McGinnis! (*Mag. falls and Ak. picks him up.*)

O, that this too, too solid, flesh would melt!

*Ol.* Well, then, good-bye and good luck to you—

[*Exit Og. R.*] [*Enter soldiers L.*]

*Mag.* (*Spoken.*) Fall in!

Attention, battalion.

(*Sung*)

Of my army I am proud,  
They are a gallant crowd,  
And see how gorgeously they are arrayed.  
Whiniver they turn out,  
The ladies all do shout,  
They march so fine when on a driss parade

(*Spoken.*) Rrrrrr-rub-a-dub, dub, dub, dub, dub.

*Chorus:*

We'll march, We'll march to fight,  
With hearts both gay and light,  
The enemy we'll surely drive before us;  
Returning home once more  
A gallant veteran corps,  
We'll sing again our jolly soldiers. *Chorus.*

*Mag.* But now to fight they're going,  
The Rooster will stop crowing.  
For foraging they are the boys, you bet,  
And they are sure to win,  
Though they have ne'er been in  
A battle: nor an enemy have met  
Rrrrrrr-rub-a-dub, &c. *Chorus.*

*Mag.* Because they must do well,  
Wid such a gineral  
To lead them on to battle and to slaughter,  
Their uniforms are foine,  
Their spears are made of poine,  
And they have a bye for carrying wather.  
*Chorus.*

*(Exeunt Mag. and soldiers R. C. E.)*

*Ol.* Igala.

*Ig.* O, what do you want?

*Ny.* You'd better mind what you're about.

*Com.* I am astonished.

*Ol.* Oh, get out; let the girl alone; come here,  
my dear,

Don't be alarmed; you know I'm not severe;

When we are married, won't we be happy? You  
may depend upon it, I'll get you such a pretty  
crown,

*Ig.* I'd rather have a new bonnet.

*Ny.* Igala!

*Ol.* Oh, shut up! Come, it's so long—

Since you had a chance to sing, suppose you chant  
a song,

*Ig.* Your Majesty, I've given it up; I cannot sing.

*Ny.* Oh, what a story!

Your Majesty, it's no such thing,

*Com.* Your Highness, she sings like any bird, for  
that I will go bail,

*Ig.* Or any fish, you'll say, when you've once  
heard me wail,

*Ol.* Oh, never mind! only stop this squalling.

And you, my kitten, go on with your catawauling,

*Ig.* To please you, sire, I'll sing once more.

*(Takes song from attendant.)*

*Ol.* What is the piece?

*Ig.* A gem from "Pinafore."

*(All get weak; King falls from throne; Com. takes  
off cushion, sits on it, and takes Rye and Rock.)*

*Ny.* Comminagoumba, what are you doing, sir?

I say, just drop it.

*Ig.* That's what he was doing until you made him stop it.

*Song, Igala.*

There was a brave young sailor,  
Who roamed the ocean far;  
He thought that a tarpaulin  
Best became an honest *tar*.

*Chorus:*

Oh, my! do you think that that's fun?  
It is a poor, weak pun;  
And now that it is really done,  
Don't you feel ashamed?

There was a gallant soldier,  
Who was both straight and tall;  
He thought all parties bores  
Except a cannon-ball.

*Chorus:*

They met by chance the usual way,  
For how else could it be?  
The soldier went and saw a fight,  
The sailor went to sea.

*Cl.* Bravo, my charming Grisi; you sing like a breeze;

And when you marry Olengayombi, if you please,  
You can sing him to sleep. How will that do?

*Ig.* Why then I'd never get any sleep myself, not even a nap.

*Ol.* Well, yes, you would be unapt to.

*Com.* Sleep is the great refresher of our race—  
(*In gesticulating, strikes Ny.*)

*Ny.* Comminagoumba, will you be careful?  
You've hit me in the face.

*Com.* My dear, I didn't mean to.

*Ny.* You did, you did, you did.

*Com.* Oh, well, I did, then. Anything for a quiet life,

As Blue Beard said as he killed each wife.

But, as I was about to remark—

(*Enter Oguizi, L.*)

*Ol.* Oguizi! Well, what luck!

*Com.* (*aside.*) No, I wasn't.

*Og.* The victory's ours, we've taken all their fleet.  
They tried to flee it when they saw how easily we beat.

*Ol.* Oguizi, is there anything that I can do for



you, my noble sailor?

*Og. (kneels.)* Your majesty, I would leave here at once, but let me bid farewell to Igala.

*Ny.* Don't, your majesty. Don't do anything of the sort.

*Com.* My wife is right. I forbid him to speak—

*Ol.* Silence in the *Court*.

*Com.* That's just where it is. He wants to *court* her

*Ol.* If you are *caught* speaking in that manner of your daughter, I'll punish you.

I can't perceive why you should conceive that she would deceive her future hubby.

*Com.* You *sift* the matter with all *seives*, and you'll find out, dear bubby.

*Ol.* I understand why you would go. You needn't think I'm blind.

Go, say good-bye, you've at least earned that.

Don't think that we're unkind. (*Og. goes over to Ig. Ny. and Com. start to go.*)

Look here, you two, you're not wanted over there; come here.

(*Mag. rushes in.*)

*Mag.* Oh, sire, we're licked.

*Ol.* What, beaten?

*All.* Well, you should be kicked.

(*Natives come in, straggling one after another, at intervals.*)

*Mag.* Kape shtill. (*Enter Ag.*)

*Ol.* Don't speak; I should think you'd be ashamed to show your face.

*Ak.* What's the matter, General?

*Mag.* I'm in disgrace.

*Ak.* What for?

*Mag.* For being licked, my beauty.

*Ak.* Though you've been licked, you've not been *derelict* in your duty.

*Mag.* Kape shtill. (*Enter Mess.*)

*Mess.* Your highness, Queen Quengueza gives you one last chance.

If you don't marry her, she'll make you dance, And also pay the piper.

*Ny.* Get out of here, you little viper!

*Ol.* Will you be quiet? What if I do not wed the Queen?

*Mess.* Why, then, she'll storm the palace.

*Ol.* And then —

*Mess.* Oh, that remains to be seen.  
But she'll probably hang you all.

*All* Oh!

*Ol.* My mind's made up. (*Song:*)

If I don't marry this gentle Queen,  
'Twill be the end of Pom Pom Puanah,  
For she will surely vent her spleen  
Upon us in some horrible manner.

*Ch* Upon us in some horrible manner.

*Ol.* She'll surely hang us by our necks,  
And we will ne'er need a medicament  
If we her gentle spirit vex,  
And that would be a nice predicament.

*Ch.* And that would be a nice predicament.

*Ol.* Therefore, I'll with Quengueza wed,  
And save you all, my subjects true,  
So that, hereafter, 'twill be said  
I sacrificed myself for you.

*Ch.* So, then, he'll with Quengueza wed ;  
Was ever monarch half so nice ?  
In future days it will be said  
He made for us this sacrifice.

(*During Song Ny. and Com. gesticulate. Ny. trying to induce Com. to speak to the King.*)

*Ny.* Speak up, now, or all will be lost. Don't be an ass ; it's too absurd.

*Com.* (*Braces himself with rye and rock, first placing cushion on floor.*) Assuredly it is. (*Addressing King.*) Sire ! I hope you will not go back on your word.

*Ol.* My mind's made up. I'll with Queen Quengueza wed.

*Com.* Then what's to become of Igala ?

*Ol.* She shall have Oguize instead.

*Com.* I'll not stand it.

*Ol.* Well, then, sit down. (*Knocks him down, so that he sits on cushion. Com. goes to drink rye and rock, but Ny., snatching it, throws it away, then boxes his ears, and pulls him up.*)

*Ny.* Get up ; we'll have to make the best of it, you clown.

*Igala* (*sings*).

Gaily, so gaily, our hearts now bound,  
 Free as the winds in the gloaming,  
 As they go swiftly over the ground,  
 Softly embracing all things in their roaming.  
 Pressing the lips of the babbling brook,  
 Kissing the face of the ocean,  
 Skipping and leaping through every nook,  
 So bound our hearts with emotion.

Emotion that's strong, yet loving, withal,  
 With which we ne'er can be sated,  
 Filling our souls with love toward all,  
 Even those formerly hated.  
 Filling our souls with love that is blest,  
 Love that shall dwell with us ever,  
 Rising to lips from the heart, in the breast  
 Bursting forth in melodious measure.

Gaily, so gaily, our hearts now bound,  
 Free as the winds in the gloaming,  
 As they go swiftly over the ground,  
 Softly embracing all things in their roaming.  
 Then let us be happy, tender, and true,  
 Though sorrows on joys follow fast;  
 Though clouds may darken the skies azure hue,  
 There's sure to be sunshine at last.

*(Flourish of trumpets. Ol. signs to Com. to investigate. Com. goes out and comes back L., bowing low and walking backwards. Enter Queng, L.)*

*Ol.* My beauteous charmer, come to my arms.  
*(They embrace.)*

*Quen.* Since by our arms you've been over-come  
 I'm glad you have come over.

*Ol.* Well, now 'tis done,  
 I am, too.

The girl I was to marry, love, can't be compared to  
 you.

*Og. (aside.)* No, I don't think she can.

*Ak. (aside.)* Maguineus is in disgrace. I think I'll  
 make the best of it,

And feather my *own nest*, be *honest*, and make a  
 clean breast of it. *(Aloud, falling on one knee.)*

Sire, I will a tale unfold  
 Which will freeze your young blood,  
 And make each particular hair upon your wig  
 Stand on end, like squills upon the fretful porkupig.

*Ol.* My wig, sir! What mean you by such folly?

*Ak.* Pardon, your majesty, I was speaking *paragonically*. (*Aside.*) Especially about the squills. Your majesty, to hide this thing would be no use. You all remember the explosion.

*All.* We do.

*Ak.* 'Twas caused by Maguineus.

*Mag.* Kape shtill!

*Ak.* He is the head of the so-called labor party; And could he get a fair start, he would not only depose you, Sire—

*Ol.* Oh! the *mud* slinger, I don't admire him one bit—

Proceed.

*Ak.* But *goaded* on by greed,  
He *goed* in strong for greenbacks,  
And would have flooded the country with them had he been unchecked. (*Rising.*)

*Ol.* For greenbacks! then the country's credit would have been wrecked.

No! no! rather than have such a thing occur,  
And caused by such a cur as that,  
I'll melt my plate up to make coin.

*Com.* Sire, 'tis impossible, that's *flat*.

*Ol.* Impossible, you *flat*, and for what reason?

*Com.* Because, Sire, your plate has disappeared at this present season.

*Ol.* My plate gone! Say, traitor, where have you hid it.

*Mag.* Your majesty, I can not tell a lie; it was your butler did it.

*Ol.* You double-dyed traitor, you shall die.

*Mag.* Oh, now you're giving us taffy!

A fellow can only die once.

*Ol.* And durst thou, then, to beard the lion in his den;

Olengayombi in his hall;

And hop'st thou, then, unscathed to go?

No; by my bride, Quengueza. Ho!

Up drawbridge, groom!

What, warder, ho! let the portcullis fall.

*Mag.* McGinnis turned,

Well was his nade,

And dashed like Rowell, at full spade—(*runs out, but is caught by two attendants and brought back*)—for which I have to thank ye.

Convert that dash into a great big blank ye.

*Com.* His treachery is not all, sire, I've seen him drink.

*Ny.* And, sire, he once had the audacity to wink  
At me.

*All.* Oh! shameful!

*Ak.* And, sire, he said if I should tell,  
He'd put a head on me that would be swell.

*Ol.* I guess it would be swell-ed.

*Ig.* Your majesty, he tried to kiss me once.

*Og.* Let me get at him! O! the dunce.

*(Tries to rush at Mag., but is held back by Ig.)*

*Ol.* Have you anything to say? If you have,  
speak out; no one will believe you.

*Mag.* Your majesty, allow me to explain; I'll  
quickly undeceive you—

*Com.* *(interrupting.)* Sire!

*Mag.* As I was about to say—

*All.* Comminagoumba has the floor.

*Mag.* Oh, thin I'm flured!

*(Aside.)* Begorra, this reminds me of me college  
days, when I was up before the board.

*Com.* Sire, this thing is now far beyond a joke.

*Ol.* You're right! bring in our garoteer, the good  
Sir Artichoke. *(Enter Art. L.)*

*Mag.* Oh, Sir Artichoke, you wouldn't have the  
'art to choke me, would ye?

*Art.* Wouldn't I just! *(calling.)* Bring in a bier  
for one!

*Mag.* Psist! Make that beers for two *(Art)*,  
you'll nade one afore we're done.

Do you think I'm going to stand here and let you  
choke me, widout my saying a worrur? Get out of  
here, now! Shoo!

Come on MacDuff, and golly, gosh-darn, blame,  
twisted be he who first cries hold, enough.

*(Rushes at Art., who runs out L.)*

*Quen.* Spare him, your highness, 'twould be aw-  
fully unlucky to kill him on our wedding day.

*Mag.* Yis, sire, it would, even to sintence me.  
What do you say?

*Ol.* Well, since our queen has interceded, we will  
commute

The sentence, provided that you skoot  
From here, immediately.

*Mag.* Where shall I go?

*Ol.* I don't care where you go; to what spot or  
spots.

Go to San Francisco, and settle on the sand lots,

Get cool among the Esquimaux, or hot 'mongst the  
Hottentots.

Go to Jersey or to China, where you can peddle  
teas,

Or build yourself a shanty among the Ashantees.

Go anywhere ; do anything. At least one thing re-  
mains,

You can collect subscriptions for the poor of our  
domains

Who won't pay any rents, and are otherwise op-  
pressed ;

You can go 'round making speeches to have their  
wrongs redressed.

*Mag.* Thanks, sire, for your good advice. Follow  
it I will.

*Ol.* Then skip the gutter. Vamoose the ranch.

*All.* Clear out of here.

*Mag.* Kape shtill' (*Exit, L. V. E.*)

*Chorus :*

Our play has now come to an end,

Its moral you will see :

Rest contented with your lot,

Whatever it may be ;

And if, in love or politics,

Misfortunes on you light,

Your duty do thro' thick and thin,

At last all will come right.

*Curtain.*



## ERRATA.

---

- Page 1. For "*Pon Pon*" read "*Pom Pom.*"  
" " For "*Akoudogo*" read "*Akondogo.*"  
" " Omit the words "*Opening Chorus.*"  
Page 11. For "*(Mag makes entry)*" read "*Mag.*  
*(makes entry)*".  
Page 11. For "*child*" read "*cheild.*"  
" " For "*shark-snorted*" read "*shark-*  
*snouted.*"  
Page 15. For "*think ye shmart*" read "*think*  
*ye're shmart.*"  
Page 16. For "*let her talk to the King*" read  
"*let me,*" etc.  
Page 18. For "*that sounds well*" read "*(that*  
*sounds well)*".  
Page 18. For "*soldiers. Chorus*" read "*soldiers'*  
*chorus.*"  
Page 19. For "*Rooster*" read "*roosters.*"  
" " For "*Because*" read "*Becourse.*"  
" " For "*carrying water*" read "*carrying*  
*the wather.*"  
Page 19. For "*chant*" read "*chants.*"  
Page 20. For "*that that's fun*" read "*that's fun.*"  
Page 22. For "*medicatment*" read "*medica-*  
*ment.*"  
Page 22. For "*Oguize*" read "*Oguizi.*"  
Page 23. For "*skies*" read "*sky's.*"  
Page 24. For "*Quengueza. Ho!*" read "*Quen-*  
*gueza! No!*"  
Page 24. For "*for which I have to thank ye*"  
read "*But dashed not far—for which,*"  
etc.  
Page 25. For "*(Art.)*" read "*(to Art.)*"  
Page 26. For "*L. V. E.*" read "*L. L. E.*"
- 

N. B.—The Great Unknown is a small boy, who goes around measuring everything.



# APPENDIX

THE following table gives a summary of the results of the experiments conducted at the University of Cambridge, during the years 1894-1895, and 1895-1896, on the subject of the influence of the temperature of the air on the rate of the reaction between hydrogen and oxygen.

The experiments were conducted in a glass vessel, of the capacity of 100 c.c., in which a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen was exploded, and the volume of the gas remaining after the explosion was measured.

The temperature of the air was varied from 15°C. to 25°C., and the results are given in the following table, in which the volume of the gas remaining after the explosion is expressed in c.c.

The results show that the rate of the reaction increases with the temperature of the air, and that the volume of the gas remaining after the explosion decreases as the temperature increases.

The following table gives the results of the experiments conducted at the University of Cambridge, during the years 1894-1895, and 1895-1896, on the subject of the influence of the temperature of the air on the rate of the reaction between hydrogen and oxygen.

The experiments were conducted in a glass vessel, of the capacity of 100 c.c., in which a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen was exploded, and the volume of the gas remaining after the explosion was measured.

The temperature of the air was varied from 15°C. to 25°C., and the results are given in the following table, in which the volume of the gas remaining after the explosion is expressed in c.c.

The results show that the rate of the reaction increases with the temperature of the air, and that the volume of the gas remaining after the explosion decreases as the temperature increases.

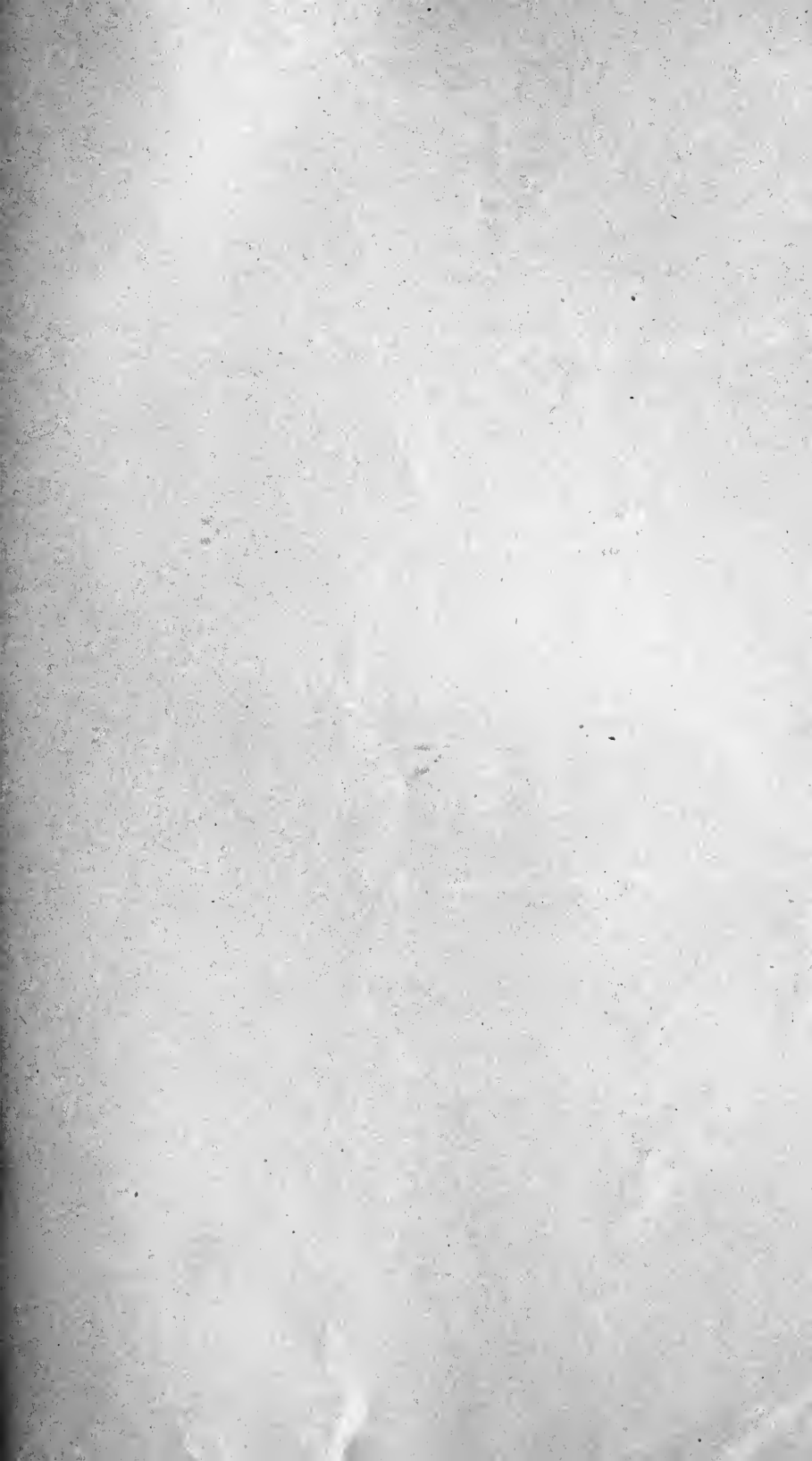
The following table gives the results of the experiments conducted at the University of Cambridge, during the years 1894-1895, and 1895-1896, on the subject of the influence of the temperature of the air on the rate of the reaction between hydrogen and oxygen.

The experiments were conducted in a glass vessel, of the capacity of 100 c.c., in which a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen was exploded, and the volume of the gas remaining after the explosion was measured.

The temperature of the air was varied from 15°C. to 25°C., and the results are given in the following table, in which the volume of the gas remaining after the explosion is expressed in c.c.

The results show that the rate of the reaction increases with the temperature of the air, and that the volume of the gas remaining after the explosion decreases as the temperature increases.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 401 634 3